

# NORTH AMERICAN.

[VOL. 1.]

Canadian Rights and Canadian Independence.

[NO. 25.]

PUBLISHED BY H. J. THOMAS.

SWANTON, VT. SEPTEMBER 25. 1839.

EDITED BY CANADIANS & AMERICANS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
Price \$1.50 per an. in advance,  
or \$2.00 at the end of the year,  
and in like proportion for fur-  
ther delay of payment.

## JOURNAL OF A POLITICAL PRISONER.

[Translated for the North American.]  
(CONCLUDED.)

That same evening we were told that those to be exiled, were to leave in the course of an hour, and they consequently made some hasty preparations for their journey to Bermuda. However it was not so; and the next morning we saw the ordinance of the Special Council and Lord Durham's Proclamation, by which the following gentlemen only were banished to Bermuda, viz: Drs. Wolfred Nelson, Masson and Gauvin, Messrs. Bouchette, Des Rivières, Marchesseault, Viger and Goddu. The following gentlemen who were then in the States were out-lawed and prohibited from returning to the Province, under pain of death, viz: L. J. Papineau, Drs. O'Callaghan, Nelson & Cote, L. Duvernay & E. E. Rodier, all members of the Provincial Parliament; also Messrs. Louis Perrault, L. Gagnon, George Cartier, Ryan senior, Ryan junior, Ls. Gauthier, T. S. Brown, Dr. Joseph Davignon, P. P. Desmarais and Reverend Messire Et. Chartier. By this ordinance and proclamation the doors of the jails are open to the other prisoners under certain conditions, and the other refugees are at liberty to come back to the Province. Our unfortunate brethren in misfortune who are to be exiled, are allowed to see their friends and relations. Some of them have not the good fortune to see their wives, their children, or their mothers, during the short interval which precedes their departure; and as they have no reason to believe that their exile shall not be for life, the parting under these circumstances is heart-rending. All the State prisoners have made a collection among themselves, which amounts to \$334, at the same time the friends of the cause are making a subscription which, it is said, amounts to \$2000.

The time for leaving is at last arrived. Dr. W. Nelson and Mr. Bouchette address us individually in language full of most noble, elevated, and patriotic sentiments, which could have been uttered only by noble and high-minded men. They are oftentimes, during their speech, interrupted by the cries and the sobbings of their fellow-countrymen.

We now bid a final adieu to these victims of despotism, as brothers, who, in all probability we shall never see again. Our tears are mingled with theirs, and our feelings are indescribable. In conformity to their orders, the eight chosen martyrs are now proceeding down stairs, where the Sheriff is to put them under a military guard.

Two large covered carriages have arrived in the yard of the jail to take them to the Steamboat. Several companies of Cavalry and Infantry are under arms in the yard and out-side of the walls, and also on board of the Steamer, where no passengers are received. The whole population of the City, animated by opposite feelings, are on the wharves, and in the streets; they even fill all the avenues leading to the jail. The State prisoners station themselves in their iron-grated windows, from whence they can view the departure of their unfortunate brethren. At last these noble victims come out of jail, and with an air that cannot be expressed, they show us their hands bound with irons. A cry of indignation that could not be well suppressed, is heard from the windows. At the same time the Steamboat which had stopped at the wharf of the new Market, comes down and waits for the banished at the wharf of the Horse-boat some distance below the jail. The mounted Hussars prevent the crowd from going to that place. The two carriages leave, escorted by the Hussars, and on their way our friends

show their irons to the crowd of people they meet on the road. They are very soon on board of the Steamboat which immediately starts.

After what Mr. Simpson had promised, we had a right to expect that our friends would be well treated; we were far from thinking that they would be hand-cuffed. And it was because we expected very different treatment that we could not repress our indignation when we found our exiled brethren in irons. Besides, this cruel and vigorous precaution was quite unnecessary, after all the other precautions which had been taken. The dishonor of this infamous cruelty is due to the Sheriff and to the military slave called Major General Clitrow.

7th July.—Reader, witness how a Royal amnesty ends. It begun by exiling to the United States sixteen of our best citizens, by a snare to entrap eight other generous and brave men, who are banished without trial, and by promise of a fair trial to seven others. From the effects of the amnesty ordinance upon the unfortunate eight who had been sent away, the remaining prisoners had a right to expect that the provisions of the said ordinance would result beneficially to them. But alas, the Sheriff has been here this day with the list of prisoners which has been read to us. The prisoners are divided into 3 classes. Those of the first class can go out of jail immediately on giving personal bail to the amount of \$4,000. Those of the 2nd class must give personal bail to the same amount, and two sureties besides themselves in the sum of \$1000 each. Those of the 3rd class are obliged to give personal bail in the sum of \$8000, besides two bails of \$4000 each. Some of the prisoners have been forced to give bail to the enormous sum of \$30,000. We are obliged to keep the peace during five years, which is certainly a very honest condition. Why did they not ask us to keep peace for twenty, fifty, or even a hundred years? Has the government promised to be just? We suspect not.

By these odious conditions a prisoner who had not taken up arms, nor excited any one to do so, who had not even attended a public meeting where the rights of his country were peaceably discussed, (such meetings we all know, are considered treasonable,) whose only crime was that of superior success in his commercial business, that it was more thriving than that of a jealous and suspicious neighbor who has caused him to be thrown into jail, is forced to give bail to keep the peace for five years! By one of the clauses of this atrocious ordinance passed by the illegal Special Council, the scoundrel who has been the cause of his captivity, cannot be prosecuted for false imprisonment, because he is supposed to be a loyal subject, and that it was his loyalty that prompted him to arrest the pretended rebel. Moreover as the prisoner is to return amongst his persecutors who were made bold by the manner in which they are shielded, shall he not be again in danger of being dragged to prison to undergo a second time all his former sufferings? If he undergoes a trial and the Governor wishes him to be found guilty, is it not easy for the Governor to find a Sheriff and a Jury well disposed? Under the slightest pretence the government will at any time be able to pocket out of this prisoner from 4 to 8000 dollars as his personal bail, and from 2 to 8000 dollars from his sureties. Really a great number if not all of the political prisoners would have preferred a trial, in the course of which they could have brought to light all the infamous practice of the so called loyalists. These last ones had more to fear from a trial than the State prisoners, if justice could have been impartially administered. The more I think about it, the more I believe that this general amnesty ordinance was made for the special benefit of the loyalists.

The State prisoners in consenting to give bail for keeping the peace, look as if they admitted that they had infringed it. Nevertheless we are obliged to submit to those unjust and tyrannical conditions. If all the State prisoners would have unanimously refused to give bail, they could

embarrass very much the administration, but such a thing cannot be expected from men who have suffered such a long and protracted imprisonment, and who have been totally separated for such a long while from all they hold most dear. It is an act of violence to which we must submit.

9th July.—Farewell to my cell, may I never again be an inmate of it. Farewell to my readers. I am now at liberty; of the magnanimity of the British Government I have my own views: it would be indelicate in me to say what I think of it, but my readers may judge for themselves.

Here close the notes taken during many long hours of painful imprisonment. When I wrote them, my sole object was to get rid of painful moments, and I never intended them for publication; so I had no interest, no motive to disguise the truth. Besides, nature has gifted me with a certain apathy or indifference which my friends call philosophy which makes me very insensible to personal pains and troubles. What I have written, I have done without passion or hatred to any one, in the sole interest of truth, and to vindicate the cause of humanity so barbarously outraged.

## Noble Sentiments.

Extract from an ORATION delivered on the 4th of July 1839, at Springfield Mass. by the Hon. CALVIN CUSHING, Member of Congress.

On the northern and eastern frontiers of the United States, overhanging us from sea to sea like a lowering storm-cloud, are the British Provinces, still dependant on Europe. That is the point of peril. There is monarchy in its worst form, that of the forcible occupation, by a foreign Prince, of a country whose natural position, and social constitution, and contiguity to us, impel it towards independence and freedom and self-government. There is the fruitful source of perpetual border difficulties; for that long inland frontier, of river, and plain, and lake, is utterly incapable of being guarded by fortifications or armies against the hazards of war, or withheld from illicit commercial intercourse either in peace or war. Suppose New England and New York to be separate nations: Could any conceivable number of garrisons or custom houses build up an impassable barrier between them? Impossible. And yet such is the relative situation of the United States and the British Provinces. And there is the pernicious fact, which forces us into the field of European politics, and gives to a European Power control over us. The war of 1776 was waged from Canada. The war of 1812 was waged from Canada. The next, and the next, and the only foreign war, which we have any cause to dread, will, if the present state of things lasts, be waged from Canada. For while the rest of Europe, if it would assail us at all, must assail us by sea, and can only strike at our ocean frontier, & will be impotent against us there by reason of the extent of our coast which excludes the idea of blockade, and the difficulty of transporting great armies over sea, and the impossibility of sustaining them without a fixed and sure foothold on shore,—while such is our relation to the rest of Europe, England, on the contrary, has her great naval depots and military arsenals on our eastern and northern land frontiers, and by the St. Lawrence and the Lakes has an open avenue into the heart of the United States. Hence, when we have been at war with her, the conflict has raged, not on the sea coast merely, but on the interior soil of New York, Ohio, & Michigan, a region which ought to be as inaccessible to European armies as if a wall of adamant surrounded it on all sides.

But this unnatural condition of things cannot and will not last. The British Colonies are approaching to that maturity of separate strength, which brings with it independence. When they have reached that maturity, they will as surely sunder from the Mother Country, as the ripe fruit drops from the tree. In the case of them, as of other American Colonies, why should they cross the Atlantic for men to govern them? Why not govern themselves? Why should the flowers of their prosperity serve only to give honey for foreign drones to live on? Why should not the natural resources of their country be developed for the benefit of its own people? They must and they will be. There is no dominant and all-pervading aristocracy in those provinces to assimilate their condition to that of Britain; the natural tendency of their social condition is towards democracy, and assimilation with us; and that tendency is enforced and forwarded by the inevitable influence of our proximity to them. They have been misgoverned. There is no doubt of this. It is proclaimed

by themselves; it is declared in the British Parliament; it is admitted by each successive Colonial Secretary; it is spoken out in language not to be mistaken, the language of insurrection and civil war. It is monstrous for Americans to deny that the Canadas have been misgoverned; it is idle for any body to deny it. I engage to exhibit a parallel of every one of the specifications of tyranny set forth in the Declaration of Independence, by the same or greater acts of tyranny perpetrated by Great Britain in the Canadas. Not that England is a worse mistress to them than any other foreign Power would be. Far from it. England, with all her faults, and I take pleasure in making the admission, England is a wiser, a milder, a purer, a better ruler of her American Colonies, than any other of the Great Powers of Europe has been. But colony and liberty are ideas incompatible. They can no more exist together than water and fire. The Canadas have greater, far greater, causes of complaint, than we had, when we belonged to Great Britain. Our colonial councils were elective, theirs are appointed by the Crown; and that is one of the points at issue in their present troubles. We had town governments; they are forbidden to have them, because England considers, and justly, that town governments are so many nurseries of freedom. We had roads, they have next to none; we had public schools, they have absolutely none, we had but few foreign troops quartered upon us, they have great armies; we were permitted to bear arms, they are not; in short, we possessed all the means & instruments of progression and freedom, which have been carefully withheld from them, through fear, if they possessed these means and instruments, that they also, after our example, would aspire to independence. At the present time, they are consigned to the tender mercies of military despotism, martial law, and occupation of the country by armed hosts of imported mercenaries; their trusted public men cut off by the judicial murder of courts martial, or driven into exile; their villages given up to sack and conflagration; their young men, some subred in the field without quarter, others murdered in cold blood, and without trial, after battle is over; their women violated; the bodies of their slain patriots left to rot on the ground unburied, or turned over to beasts to devour! God of justice, where sleeps thy thunder? Is there no vengeance for those who do those deeds of ignominy and horror? Is it to be endured, does it not make the blood boil, that Europeans,—hiring soldiers of fortune, aliens to the land and its people, the base and sordid tools of transatlantic lust of power, should pollute the rich soil of America with such enormities? We shudder at the recital of these very acts of horror, when perpetrated by Turks in Greece, or by Russians in Poland. Shall they happen at our door-stone, and awaken no condemnation? They shall not, they will not, until the Declaration of Independence be expunged from our memories, and every sentiment of patriotism and freedom, which hallowed the Revolution, be extinguished in our hearts.

When the time comes, as come it surely will, for those Provinces to be independent, then will there be more complete unity of principle on this Continent. It will come ere long; for not England herself, or if England, not the Provinces, can submit to the military occupation of the Canadas as a permanent system of government. Or will the Mother Country reduce the Colonies to a desert, and call that peace? No, they will become free, and their freedom will be for the common benefit of America. Independent, in close association with us, enjoying together with us the navigation of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, the Atlantic fisheries, and the fur trade of the North West, each of us delivered from border controversies, and both possessed of similar political institutions, North America would then present one harmonious American whole, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic sea.

Fellow citizens, the ideas which I have thus presented to you, may be thought peculiar, they may seem to be startling, but they are no Utopian speculations. They are plain matters of fact. North America will be independent, it will be republican, it will be Anglo-American. This result will be reached by the (for the most part) peaceful progress of peaceful events. And its general effect will be a peaceful one. What is the prolific cause of so great and frequent wars in Europe? Evidently the subdivision of that Continent into many distinct nations, speaking different languages, having dissimilar ideas and institutions, and adverse interests, that war only can adjust. What is the remedy proposed by the friends of peace, for this unhappy state of things? The tables of the last Congress were covered with memorials, praying that the United States would institute measures for a great league of all the states of Christendom, to be represented in a permanently organized Congress

of Nations, which should regulate their common interests, and adjudicate upon their respective disputes, so as to settle these by peaceful counsel instead of by force. The same thing has been long ago proposed in Europe by friends of peace there. But those national diversities of theirs, which I just indicated, have stood in the way of the adoption of any such permanent system in Europe. And the United States could not unite with them, or any of them, in such a system, without embarking our peace and welfare in the same bottom with theirs, entering into entangling alliances with them, and in fact surrendering our own national sovereignty to a new sovereignty governed by the proposed Congress of Nations. But, on this Continent, the scheme is feasible and congenial to the natural condition of things. If the British Provinces were independent, and associated with us, the object would be at once attainable so far as regards the future of North America, inhabited for the chief part by one race, speaking mostly one language, having identical institutions, and imbued with the same opinions and ideas, with its millions of people, not split up into hostile nations, but peacefully combined together for the promotion of their common good. What a noble anticipation! What a glorious prospect! Is this a mere vision of the fancy? I will not believe it. If it be, I would rather continue to dream this dream, than to awaken to the poor reality of political strife on transient or trivial objects, and the vain toil of public effort unblest by great and elevated aims. For I believe, with one of the most brilliant of modern writers, that "Legislators can create no rewards and invent no penalties equal to those which are silently engendered by society itself, while it maintains, elaborated into a system, the desire of glory and the dread of shame;" and I desire, therefore, to see my countrymen lift their minds to the level of their country's destiny, and to have them feel that their own fame is identified with her's.

## IRELAND.

REFORM MEETING AT NEWRY.  
SPEECH OF REV. MR. MCCARRON,  
(CONCLUDED.)

A meeting had been held on the day of my visit to Boyle: Lord Lorton's bailiffs had summoned in the tenantry; some mean Catholic who delighted in the display of their civility to the great man, and a posse of Tories had assembled—Lord Lorton's character had been reflected on, in consequence of the depopulation of Ballinamuck; they came, kind souls, to shield from unjust attack, and to announce to the world that Lord Lorton was a most liberal, kind-hearted and patriotic nobleman! Shame on the intolerant bigots, the fawning, lying hypocrites. Who here has not heard of the depopulation of that wretched town. Who has not heard that, with the exception of some houses in which the favored estate reside, it was in a few hours with execrable barbarity, burned in ruins? who has not heard that as the country had been in civil commotion, as if the horrors of 99 (of which my friend has spoken) had been renewed, a military force was collected to overawe the peasantry, and to witness the execution of Lord Lorton's monstrous mandate? Who has not heard that neither age, nor sex, nor infancy, was spared; that helpless children, with their still more helpless grandsires tottering under the accumulated weight of infirmities and years, that mothers clasping their bosoms, that widows, bereaved by death of the fathers of their little ones, the provider of their own and children's wants, were obliged to lead out their weeping, pained & sorrowing orphans, bereaved by death of their parents, and by their cruel landlord of a home; that these miserable wretches were obliged to huddle themselves together in dykes; no house daring to cover them lest its inhabitants should share their fate [violent emotion,] and yet the intolerant and serfs of Boyle dare, in the face of open day, praise Lord Lorton's humanity. The season was cold and tempestuous; many are reported to have died in consequence of their exposure to the storm; and yet Lord Lorton is a Saint. Saint Lorton reads the inspired volume, but as wasps erect poison out of the very flowers from which the bees collect their honey, this pious Tory seeks to justify his cruelty and oppressions from the sacred record which has so often humanized the savage heart, and which every where breathes the heavenly doctrines of charity, forgiveness, and love [cheers.] No religion can sanction such cruelty; the Protestant religion does not; it is impossible that offend Protestants who detest such wanton tyranny, should refrain from exposing him to the execration he deserves; were he a Catholic and I possessed the power, I would cage him in a mad house. Oh, it was a fell scene. Whilst the grey hairs of the aged were streaming in the wind, whilst some, maddened into frenzy, were breathing forth

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See also our mirror